

PLATE I

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Pearls ..

By the Author of
"Silver Cloud"

Alice H. Pennell



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Pearls.

WE seek the richest treasures
To give the friends we love;
We would give the world, if ours,
And stars that shine above.

So now I cast my treasures,
My pearls of heart and mind,
Before the friends who love me,
And hope new friends to find.

Mae Alice.

Dost know the winsome lassie,
The maid with golden hair?
She gracious is and charming,
This bright-eyed maiden fair.

Her face is fair and rounded,
Her lips can smile or pout;
As through them comes her clear voice,
The snowy teeth shine out.

She speaks in French and German,
Her own tongue knows full well;
She paints the fairest flowers,
Can wondrous stories tell.

She dances like a fairy,
Can sing sweet lullabies ;
No wonder young men like her,
This maid with laughing eyes.

Sweet Mae, with the golden hair,
Thou dear one of our life,
May sorrow lightly touch thee,
In this world's weary strife !

•

Bessie.

HAST seen our little Bessie,
 With golden, shining hair?
She dances like the fairies,
 Who seem to tread on air.

She's a winning little maid,
 Her hair is like spun gold;
Her eyes are bright and shining,
 Her heart can ne'er grow old.

Oh Bessie dear, our darling,
 Queen of our hearts and song,
May roses ever greet thee,
 If life be short or long!

By Candlelight.

THE taper burns and "genius burns";
What does she write to-night?
Is it a letter, tender, true,
She writes by candlelight?

A picture in the little room,
I'll ne'er forget the sight;
A maiden fair with golden hair,
Who writes by candlelight.

Her head droops low, her fingers fly
With motion swift and light;
And thought keeps pace with flying pen,
In the bright candlelight.

Sweet peace to thee, my darling friend,
And happy be each night ;
And may thy thoughts be ever gay,
In the bright candlelight !

Bessie and the favors.

I WILL show thee favors many,
I'll show thee treasures rare ;
A dainty little spinning-wheel,
A fairy old armchair.

The fishes three and little pails,
A violin so gay ;
A yacht full rigged, an owl so white,
A stork with storkful way.

A drinking cup in nickel case,
A vinaigrette so sweet ;
A monkey, pair of gloves, and doll
With toilet all complete.

What else was there? I cannot tell;
The list would last a day;
May favors ever come to thee,
To cheer thee on thy way!

—

Incense.

I'LL gladly burn incense for thee,
And keep it at thy shrine ;
I am not now a Shakespeare peer ;
His gifts can ne'er be mine.

It is well thou dost admire him,
It shows thy manly heart ;
A noble man is he, who takes
In active life a part.

Alive to all that's good and true,
And yet so full of fun ;
Thy manly gifts of heart and brain
Would please most any one.

A friend, indeed, to manly men,
 To women tender, true ;
Thy friends will ever loyal be,
 Old friends and even new.

Smile on, jest on, and cheer our path,
 Whate'er of ill betide ;
Life's sorrows seem not hard to bear,
 If thou dost walk beside !

Thy hand is warm and tender, too,
 Thy voice is strong to cheer ;
Better than tonic, balm, or myrrh,
 To have thee ever here.

Incense can ne'er be sweet enough,
 Will never burn as long
As that I offer now for thee,
 The cause of this my song.

May thy least wish be gratified,
 And happy e'er thy life ;
 May sorrow never cloud thy brow,
 Till passed beyond earth's strife !

There we may hope to meet again,
 And happy be alway ;
 Forever then the sun will shine,
 And blest will be the way.

Sweet peace to thee, my lively friend,
 And happy be each night ;
 And may thy dreams be oft of her
 Who writes by candlelight !

Alice Carle.

I LOVED thee, fondly loved thee,
In the happy days gone by,
Of all others, thou wast ever dear to me ;
The belle of all the city,
The pride of every heart,
Was fair Alice from the city by the sea.

Oh, Portland has fair daughters,
They are scattered far and wide,
For their merits they will long remembered be;
Among her favored children,
None can e'er exceed in grace
Our sweet warbler from the city by the sea.

Then long life, my lady fair,
 Who, witching, sang of Maggie,
 The longest life and happiest may it be ;
 We'll ne'er forget thee, Alice,
 Whether near or far from home,
 Darling Alice from the city by the sea.

Petronella.

NELLA ! Petronella !
Thou queen of our hearts and our song,
Nella ! Petronella !
With thee days are never too long.

Nella ! Petronella !
Bright sunshine of life and of home,
Nella ! Petronella !
Fond lovers thou biddest to come.

Nella ! Petronella !
May thine eyes ne'er sadden with woe,
Nella ! Petronella !
With thee joy doth anywhere go.

Nella! Petronella!
Wherever thy footsteps shall roam,
Nella! Petronella!
Forget not our hearts and our home.

Napoleon.

NAPOLEON ! Napoleon !

What shall I say of thee ?
Of all the royal races, now,
Thou art the king I see.

Thy very form majestic is,
Thy bearing is so grand,
Not any man outshines thee now,
In all this happy land.

And yet thy stately ways are but
The image of thy heart.
Ambitions high to glorify
Hath ever been thy part.

A college student, young and fair,
A lawyer, shrewd and keen,
Will surely sit on Highest Bench,
Be President, I ween.

Thou art a friend we like to see ;
Thy hand we like to grasp,
For courage, hope, and sunny days
Seem treasured in its clasp.

happy.

My prayers for thee shall ever rise,
On thee my thoughts shall dwell.
When I behold thy loving face,
My joy no tongue can tell.

I count most happy days with thee.
I long for thee always.
Thy presence ever soothes and cheers,
By night or weary day.

For thee, my friend of early youth,
I long with swelling heart.
Be thine the way that leads to fame,
Although we walk apart.

Thy voice is ever blest to me,
Thy hand is ever dear.
No sorrow seems too hard to bear,
If thou art ever near.

My kingly friend, oh, Harry dear,
God bless thee now, alway ;
And send thy presence oft to me,
To cheer and light the day.

Oh, Harry dear, I love thee well,
Thou art so proud, yet true ;
May Heaven grant us many years,
Before our last adieu.

Br3.

BLESSINGS on thee, darling brother,
My bonnie boy no more :
A boy doth cease to be a boy,
When passing manhood's door.

Thy manhood's years well satisfy
The promise of thy youth ;
I ne'er have known for thee a fear,
Thou soul of honor, truth.

And as the years roll ever on,
God grant I find thee still
A man of sterling purpose e'er,
Of strong and steadfast will.

I'll pray for thee, my darling Bruz,
By night or toilsome day ;
I wish thee joy beyond compare,
God bless thee now, alway !

Miles Morgan.

MILES MORGAN, thou sturdy pioneer,
Strong, true, upright, and fair ;
Full well I love thy bronzed form
That stands in old Court Square !

Thou wast the scion of a race
That lives in heart and song ;
No hardship was too great for it,
No warfare was too long.

Miles Morgan, the synonym
Of all that's good and true ;
Brave type of all that's manly,
In old world or the new.

Long live thy name, Miles Morgan,
Blest thy memory be ;
Among our noblest leaders,
We'll e'er remember thee.

King William Dead.

THE Kaiser's dead, the dear old Sire,
The pride of German life;
Farewell, thou monarch grand and great,
Passed far beyond earth's strife!

Thou wast a stately Emperor,
Thy people loved thee well;
Thy deeds of valor and of grace
They ever like to tell.

A gallant soldier, stern and proud,
A tender friend, most dear;
No warfare was too hard for them,
If thou wert ever near.

Soldier and statesman, grand in each,
The pattern of a king ;
Through history and future days
Thy name will ever ring.

We mourn for thee as for a friend,
We loved thee well, oh King !
We'll often speak thy blessèd name,
And e'er thy praises sing.

Thy mantle falls, alas ! God grant
It fall not to the dust ;
Thy sons will wear it gracefully,
But part with thee we must.

Farewell, farewell, with swelling heart,
Thy people stand to-day ;
God grant they meet thee in the world
Where never kings have sway !

The German Exile.

O MY sweet home in Germany !

“When shall I come to thee?

When shall my sorrows have an end?

Thy joys when shall I see?”

My castle in the German land,

My king I loved so true,

I never can forget thee now,

For friends untried and new.

And through the castle gardens wide,

I roamed in childhood's hours ;

I fed the birds that gathered round,

And plucked the dainty flowers.

O my sweet home in Germany !

“When shall I come to thee?

When shall my sorrows have an end?

Thy joys when shall I see?”

The Exile's Return.

My royal brother waits for me,
To guide me o'er the main;
The King doth wait beyond the sea,
To see my face again.

I go to Germany once more,
The home my childhood knew;
The home of friends beloved of yore,
Of servants leal and true.

Our Castle on the Rhine.

WE have lingered long in Rhineland,
Land of love and land of song ;
But the days have swiftly glided,
And they have not seemed so long.

And the sun is shining brightly
On the hill and on the vine ;
And we're, oh, so very happy,
In our castle on the Rhine !

Now the time for parting neareth,
To the Rhine we say farewell ;
On its banks we may not tarry,
But its beauties we will tell.

And we're going, going, going,
To our home beyond the sea ;
To the land of milk and honey,
Where the citizens are free.

And I'm glad that we are going,
And I'm glad no more to roam ;
And I'm glad that soon the loved ones
Will be shouting, "Welcome home !"

And the moon is shining brightly
On the hill and on the vine ;
But farewell doth not seem easy
To our castle on the Rhine !

Leben Sie Wohl !

“LEBEN sie wohl !” the Germans say,
Live you well for many a day !

And fare thee well doth sound so sweet
When German friends do kindly greet.

Leben sie wohl, for e'er and aye,
Gladly repeat the German cry.

Rest to body, peace to thy soul,
My dearest friend, Leben sie wohl !

Tell the News !

TELL the news in Germany,
 Tell the news in Rome,
Tell the news around the world,
 We're coming, coming home !
Tell the news in Germany,
 Tell the news in Rome,
Tell the news around the world,
 We're coming, coming home !

The Prince of Wales.

AND from the heights I watched thee,
The Prince of Wales, come o'er
The blue and shining waters,
From England's merry shore.

And from the heights I watched thee,
The Prince of Wales, come down
From deck of England's steamer,
To Portland,—sunny town.

The Old Brick House.

It stands there still, that old brick house,
The scene of joy and sorrow ;
How little then we cared what griefs
Should come upon the morrow.

The days were bright, the children glad,
In the house or out at play ;
In fancy now I hear the call
To each other loud and gay.

Charlie, Arthur, Baby Johnnie,
And Annie, ever dancing ;
Whichever one appeared in sight,
My way was ever glancing.

And when the summer days were come,
And sunny was the weather,
Under the grape-vines mother dear
Would call the brood together.

And when the bonbons passed around,
Fruit was there so fair to see,
The feast was not complete until
Something nice was sent to me.

Oh happy days, how bright they were !
And we'll forget them never ;
God grant we gather once again,
Before we part forever !

Arthur.

IN letters of gold,
I bid thee joy ;
May thy life be happy and blest ;
May friends and fortune
Increase with years,
Till from toil forever at rest.

May thy bride e'er be
Bonnie and gay,
And a blessing to thee and thine ;
May love ne'er grow cold,
But gladden life,
Though the sun may not always shine.

May home be happy,
Circled by love ;
And each guest find a welcome there ;
Thy wife will comfort
In sorrow's hour,
And banish each gathering care.

And when age, old age,
Comes creeping on,
Life's days be short for thee and thine,
May friends still gather
Around thy hearth,
Reminding thee of Auld Lang Syne.

Edith.

OH sweet and fair is the ranchman's wife,
He'll shield her ever from harm ;
The fairest flower in all his life
Is Edith, queen of the farm !

“There’s Music in the Sunshine.”

THERE’S music in the sunshine,
A symphony sublime ;
’Twill last through all the ages,
In any land or clime.

Sturdy hearts will stronger be,
Weak hearts will catch the strain ;
And with its flood comes blessing,
With broad and sweeping train.

There’s music in the sunshine,
A sweet and happy thought ;
’Twill cheer the broken-hearted,
With heavy burdens fraught.

The Picture.

I WISH I had the picture,
Fair Mary, queen of hearts.
Does it always take a king
To vanquish queenly arts?

But after thy permission
The judge must be to blame ;
So I'll never smile on him
Until he feels his shame.

Try a younger messenger,
A man of lesser note ;
If he cannot walk or ride,
Then send him in a boat.

I am not now "sarcastic,"
As thy dear pa would say ;
Some prince is surely waiting
To aid thee on life's way.

So send me, please, the picture,
I'll earn it, if I can ;
The judge is a wise and good,
Although forgetful, man.

The Rolling Stone.

“ Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.”

A ROLLING stone, thou seemest,
 Along life's dusty way.
No moss can gather round thee
 By night or even day.

Why then so void of purpose,
 Why not some settled plan,
And let the world respect thee,
 And know thou art a man?

Strong hands outstretched will aid thee,
 Brave hearts are ever true ;
Some help is ever ready
 In old world or the new.

Some work is ready for thee,
 Some mission to perform ;
God's hand will ever guide thee,
 In sunshine or in storm.

Stand then upon the mountains,
 Cease shifting on the sands ;
If nothing here can offer,
 Try then some foreign lands.

And when life's duties over,
 Each new victory gained,
Sing then a song of triumph
 By God's own strength attained.

Jim's Meerschaum.

It's real, genuine meerschaum,
The sea foam tint and all;
The amber as transparent
As sea bird's tears e'er fall.

And well he loves his meerschaum,
He'll drink its health to-night;
Love it in the dewy eve,
In early morning light.

All hail, thou lovèd meerschaum,
Thy praise is sweet to me;
I'll toast thee and caress thee,
To all eternity!

Admire.

My little girl with shining eyes,
I'll see thee nevermore ;
Thy little form is gone from me,
Safe on the other shore.

Where art thou now, my darling child ?
Safe in the Shepherd's fold ;
Thou'lt listen to the fountains rare
And walk the streets of gold.

And when the gates are opened wide
For other children dear,
Canst thou not send a message through ?
Perchance 'twill reach my ear.

I long to hear thy loving voice,
And see thy smile so bright.
Oh, but to clasp thee in my arms,
And kiss thee once to-night !

I had the fondest hopes for thee,
Thou darling of my heart ;
My life in thee was reproduced,
The best of me a part.

Thine eyes do fairer things behold,
Thine ears sweet music hear ;
There joy doth reign eternally,
With never grief or fear.

The little boy, our Freddie dear,
And hast thou found him there,
The little brother gone before,
The child that was so fair ?

Oh, Minnie darling, precious one,
Farewell, until we see
Thy loving face and hear thy voice,
Through all eternity !

The Grandson.

WRITE for thee, thou darling grandson?

Blessings on thee, bonnie boy !

All too soon will youth be over,

Life can never bring more joy.

Manhood's years will surely bring thee

Toil and trouble, sorrow, care ;

But thou art a manly stripling,

Full of courage, brave and fair.

3

Honors wait thee on thy journey

If thou use thy trust aright.

Nature, art, and education

Well equip thee for the fight.

Do not disappoint the loved ones
Who depend on thee to-day.
There is ever some test ready,
For the valiant in the fray.

Courage then, thou darling grandson,
Blessings speed thee on thy way,
All that life can give of pleasure
Shall be thine, I humbly pray.

James.

“O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest,
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?”

He craved for rest, he hath it now,
How well he earned the joy ;
His uncomplaining spirit's free ;
But oh we miss our boy !

His manhood's years were filled with work,
E'en Sunday had no rest ;
And now from toil at last he's free,
Forever with the blest.

So well he filled the ideal formed
 In childhood's early years,
 A perfect editor we see,
 E'en through our grief and tears.

Why was it so? We vainly ask;
 Our stricken hearts must break.
 Methinks I hear his gentle voice,
 "Be patient, for my sake."

"My work on earth was not complete,
 But other work doth wait;
 Our Father's kingdom claims me now,
 Beyond fair Heaven's gate."

If we could pierce the misty veil
 That hides him from our sight,
 Our stricken hearts would lighter be,
 For there is peace and light.

Trust on and wait, in God's own time,
We'll see our James again;
His voice will be the first to greet,
His hand to soothe the pain.

"O Paradise, O Paradise,
I feel 'twill not be long;
Patience, I almost think I hear
Sweet fragments of thy song!"

Good=by.

HE gave his hand and said good-by,
Under a sunset sky ;
In dreams that word doth follow me,
His tender, sweet good-by.

And life goes on in all its forms,
We meet and part again ;
How much that word can give of joy,
How much can give of pain.

“Good-by !” I hear it now as then,
And see that western sky ;
God grant I ever hear that voice,
If even in good-by.

Good=night.

“GOOD-NIGHT, I'll see thee to-morrow !”

His voice is low and sweet,
As in the quiet twilight light
The loving eyes do meet.

And when to-morrow's light doth bring
Clouds or sunny weather,
No sorrow seems too hard to bear,
If they come together.

Sorrow, toil, nor endless friction
Can them ever sever ;
His voice is sweet as yesterday,
Eyes are loving ever.

Oh happy days, as ye pass on,
 Keep ye their hearts so light
That nothing can their friendship break,
 Till cometh death's dark night.

Robin Gray.

Who does she miss at twilight,
 When stars shine clear and bright?
A lover's over yonder,
 Who cometh not to-night.

Her eyes are dim with watching,
 Her thoughts are sad and sweet ;
For here at yester-even
 These lovers fond did meet.

But hark, she hears a footfall,
 And some one comes this way !
At last he's really coming,
 It's surely Robin Gray.

The Bridal Day.

THIS is the day when hearts do beat,
And feet keep mystic measure ;
Love rides forth in chariot fleet
To crown life's greatest treasure.

What heart would not beat high for joy,
What step would not grow lighter ?
For now life's burdens will be shared,
And joys seem ever brighter.

Ride on, oh bride and groom so fair,
To Hymen's feast a greeting,
And may their hearts recall with joy
Their love's first happy meeting !

Wedding Bells.

WEDDING Bells, ring out with glee !

Wedding Bells, ring merrily !

Jamie weds this day his bride,

The loving wife is by his side,

Wedding Bells, ring merrily !

Her Husband.

SHE loved them all, those lovers fair,
Her suitors bright and gay ;
But blessed be the time when first
Her husband came this way.

He valiant is, he gracious is,
He's manly, stern, and bold ;
And even though his locks turn gray
His heart can ne'er grow old.

She hath found the "gracious hollow"
God made in shoulders warm ;
Where rest secure she finds each day,
From life's severest storm.

Blest be the time she met him first,
Blest may the future be ;
And may his love a blessing prove
Through all eternity.

Holly Berries.

AMONG the waxy leaves of green
The holly berries show :
Their scarlet warmth illumines, cheers,
And sets one's heart aglow.

Through history, romance, and song
The holly berries go ;
No others can outshine them e'er,
Not e'en the mistletoe.

Within the grand ancestral halls
Is seen their stately grace ;
In the peasant's lowliest cot
They find a welcome place.

Fairest, brightest holly berries,
We hail ye still each year ;
Rare messengers of Christmas tide,
Ye bring us e'er good cheer !

Merric Xmas.

GOD bless thee in thy Christmas tide,
And bless thy Christmas feast;
Thy joy beneath the home roof-tree
Is surely not the least.

God grant thy circle may expand,
Unbroken still remain;
No loved one pass beyond thy hand,
Till Christmas come again.

Forget not her, who's far away,
The little sister dear;
Some day we'll have a Christmas, too,
Perhaps we'll spend it here.

Christmas.

ONCE more the Christmas tide rolls round,
And Christmas cheer doth greet ;
God grant thy Christmas may be blest,
Thy Christmas dreams be sweet !

The Christmas Basket.

DEAR MARION :

THIS is the same little basket
I had on Christmas Day ;
When I was such a little girl,
And lived so far away.

I lived in Maine that Christmas Day,
They had a Christmas tree ;
And on it Santa Claus did hang
Red Riding Hood for me.

She had this dear little basket,
'Twas hanging on her arm ;
And now I'll send it on to thee.
Please keep it safe from harm.

For Sale ?

DIDST think my fun was always sold ?

How selfish would I be !

'Mong other friends remembered

I'll send this gift to thee.

I bid thee a Merry Christmas,

I wish thee life-long cheer ;

God grant thy friends will never miss

Thy smile, to them so dear !

“How Old art Thou?”

Sermon on the text, “And Pharaoh said unto Jacob,
How old art thou?”

How old art thou? Do added years,
And locks just tinged with gray,
Show that thou art a better man
Than thou wast yesterday?

How old art thou? It comes to all,
This question grave and gay;
Some answer it with smile and jest,
And others turn away.

Some like to count the years they've passed,
With thoughtful face and mien;
Others will try to cheat themselves,
And think their age not seen.

To God and to each one's own soul,
The question will not down;
And as we answer it in truth,
Heaven will smile or frown.

Looking Backward.

WHY not looking forward,
What use in looking back?
We cannot live another's life,
For us no beaten track.

We cannot right all wrongs
In any given age ;
And burdens still we bear,
In spite of greatest sage.

The poor will cry for bread ;
The naked stand in need ;
Thieves will ply their calling ;
The wretch for mercy plead.

Oh show us light ahead
 To guide us on our way ;
To lighten hearts that bleed
 By night and weary day !

Better hopes for future days
 Than vain regrets for past ;
God grant us Spartan grace
 While still oppressions last.

Not Elsmere.

WHY not a man of soul,
Of sterling common sense ;
A man to love, revere,
For many ages hence ?

Why shake the faith of some,
Discomfort give to all ;
Why not one Lord, one creed,
Though nations rise and fall ?

The same God made us all,
On this we all agree ;
Then fling all doubts aside
And bless the Deity.

Long Ago.

OH the dear familiar faces
That I loved so long ago,
Long, long ago,
Long ago !
How they haunt my dreams and tell me
Of the days of long ago,
Long, long ago,
Long ago !

I have seen them in the sunshine,
I have seen them in the shade,
Long, long ago,
Long ago.

In the warmth of days of summer,
In the nights of winters cold,
Long, long ago,
Long ago.

May they linger in my memory,
In the days of by and by,
Sweet by and by,
By and by.
May the friends I've loved be loyal,
In the days of by and by,
Sweet by and by,
By and by.

Twilight.

WHEN the twilight shadows deepen,
And the day is nearly done,
O'er my soul there comes the quiet
That is blest to any one.

Sounds are hushed, and through the silence
Voices that we loved of old
Tell to us the tender stories
That in youth they often told.

Oh to see the loving faces,
Oh to hear the real voice call !
Some on earth are hushed forever,
Some we'll hear, but never all.

And the days grow ever shorter,
Shorter still the years roll on ;
Soon we'll join the band of loved ones
Who to thither shores have gone.

Ave Maria.

Ave Maria ! From ev'ry tower
The bells of eve are pealing ;
And o'er my soul at the vesper hour
Their notes come softly stealing.

Ave Maria ! Chime on, ye bells,
And lull me in my dreaming ;
The bright stars are peeping one by one,
The moon in silver gleaming.

Ave Maria ! O'er all the earth,
Be heard your blessed chiming ;
And every weary soul will list
To your sweet, mystic rhyming.

Mother.

He's ta'en his last farewell of her,
His mother, tender, true ;
No other friend will love him so,
Old friend, or even new.

'Tis sad that we must say farewell.
Oh Death, why is thy sting ?
Thou gatherest tender flowers,
And ripened sheaves dost bring !

He loved her so, her pride, her boy,
Her wishes were his will ;
He'll cherish all her tender words,
And love her precepts still.

Farewell, thou mother, tender, true,
Thy mission hath been well ;
Thy words of wisdom haunt thy son,
And to him comfort tell !

Life.

DIDST thou fancy life was roses,
 With the tints that rose leaves bear ;
That fair cheeks were ever rosy,
 And forever gold the hair ?

One by one illusions leave us,
 One by one the sad truths fall ;
Disappointments surely meet us,
 And deep sorrows come to all.

But the depths of human nature
 We may touch if but we will ;
Faith and honor live forever,
 Truth and love triumphant still.

Count not lost the lessons given,
 Treasure all that bright appears ;
Let no sorrow dim the sunshine,
 God shall wipe away all tears.

The Ship that Sailed Away.

MINE sailed from Marblehead,
Under a summer sky ;
And with fear and trembling,
I watched the days go by.

Grief for days that are gone,
Fear for days that will come ;
Oh I long to see her,
My ship that sailed from home !

The Ikey Cold Lover.

HE told his love in accents low,
His love so tender, sweet ;
Though women come and women go,
He's only at her feet.

His love would last to heaven's gate,
And seek the other shore ;
If death were early or were late,
He's lonely nevermore.

Her love was all the bliss he sought
In this cold world so drear ;
All other loves must count for naught,
While she was ever near.

And after years of such protest,
 One dreadful, dreadful day,
He seemed to like a turncoat best,
 And thus to her did say :

“I never said I loved thee well,
 Or even loved at all;
How canst thou such a story tell,
 And me thy lover call?”

Oh fickle man, audacious maid,
 ’Tis sad to think them so :
His love protests were jokes, he said,
 It must be so, you know !

And this is love? God help us all,
 If men are of that ilk ;
’Twere better never born at all,
 Devoid of kindness’ milk.

The Amateur.

I THINK thou dost indeed do well,
 With pictures far and near;
To gather bits of loveliness
 Doth seem to be thy sphere.

And since I am recipient
 Of pictures by the way,
I hope the sport will ever please,
 Lasting many a day.

Come take the picture of our house
 That stands against Court Square;
No matter whether court doth sit,
 Or only lawyers there.

The family is always home
In clouds or sunny day ;
So come and take our pictures, please,
And very soon, I pray !

The Ladder.

“Heaven is not reached by a single bound ;
We mount the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.”

ROUND by round thy duties greet thee,
See that thou dost not fall ;
To try a case will test thy strength,
To wait one most of all.

Courage ever, 'twill do thee good,
To gain thy place by strength ;
The grandest life is shown in work,
In merit, not in length.

'Tis not, how much can he do,
But does he do it well?
Of thy record, great or small,
The future days will tell.

I pray success may wait on thee,
And triumph crown each day;
Look upward as the rounds go by,
And short will be the way.

Mr. Justice Copeland.

“HER Majesty” wishes thee joy,
With Merrie Xmas cheer ;
And a bounteous Xmas feast,
For each succeeding year.

A long life to Justice Copeland,
Blest may he ever be ;
And when he thinks of favored friends
May I remembered be !

Only Lawyers Need Apply !

HE says my heart is made of flint,
Bound up in coat of steel,
That love will never give me wounds,
Because there's naught to heal.

Alas, that I should seem so stern !
Why are young men afraid ?
A man that's manly, brave, and bold
Would suit most any maid.

But no, he says the man lives not
That I would look upon ;
Not even if his bank account
Were measured by the ton.

“Lives there a man with soul so dead,”
Who hath not life and fire
To conquer and convert this maid,
And not excite her ire?

Professionals may try the race,
He thinks they'll not succeed ;
But if they do, he'll swing his hat,
And wish them right good speed.

A Remedy Unique.

HE had the hardest kind of cold,
His friends were in despair ;
His sister nursed him tenderly,
The doctor gave his care.

Of all the remedies unique
That ever people tried,
Was one prescribed by lady fair,
At table him beside.

Most women would prefer a bag
That's filled with perfume sweet ;
Like oil of roses, heliotrope,
Or other odor meet.

While still so hoarse he could not speak,
She kept at him each day ;
He laughed till tears ran down his cheek
At her persistent way.

“Just put a bag upon your chest,
You must, you shall, you can ;
Not filled with any perfume sweet,
But with soft soap and bran.”

Ye gods ! could mortal man withstand
Such remedy as that ?
'Twould stir his pulse and thrill his heart,
I think 'twould raise his hat !

A Lull at the Court House.

QUIET reigns in the halls of justice,
No step is heard on the stair ;
The lawyers are all in the court room.
What can they be doing there ?

We often hear their eloquent pleas
When trying a tested case ;
But in the interim others come
With swift step and smiling face.

Such quiet is surely uncommon,
And the wheels so smoothly glide,
It easily seems Arcadia,
Green fields and the river side.

But hark, the spell is quickly broken.

Lo! the wheel of justice turns,
And hurrying footsteps plainly show
It's the hour when court adjourns.

The Winning Candidate.

THEN why talk to me of defeat,
When laurels are laid at thy feet,
 Fresh palms in thy hands,
 The music of bands,
And all for victory complete?

The Losing Candidate.

I'M sorry 'tis my task
Thy sorrows to condone ;
And having lost this field
Can nothing else atone ?

Many fields await thee,
For which keen longings feel ;
Be thy next opponent
As worthy of thy steel !

The Dead Officer.

ALL honor to our hero,
He died in harness trim ;
His comrades miss his presence,
With honors bury him.

It seems so hard to leave him
Under the turf to-day,
While all the rest are happy
And busy on life's way.

He died in noble warfare,
Guarding the people's laws.
How could we ask a better,
A nobler, truer cause ?

He gave his life for duty,
 This manliest of men ;
No praise is too exalted,
 By word of tongue or pen.

Officers to be shot down !
 Deserters die that way ;
Gallant men on duty bent,
 Not seeking an affray !

Shame to the wretch who did it,
 'Twas hard he should die so ;
Only time can soothe the grief
 Of those who feel the blow.

Our Colonel.

WELL might Carthage claim her own,
Proud Carthage by the sea,
Who loves her memory well ;
Almost a Roman he !

Quite Roman in his feelings ;
He wore the Union blue
When country needed soldiers,
Defenders firm and true.

He freely gave his life-blood,
Not in the Tiber wide,
But in the sunny South land
Where other comrades died.

All honor to our hero,
 Who honored country's call;
To home returned and Carthage;
 Proud Roman of them all!

My Alma Mater.

EACH student loves his own home best,
This we all acknowledge ;
So I shall ever hail with joy
Portland Business College.

Foundations there were deeply laid
To build my life's career ;
Professors learned, wise, and good,
I ever well revere.

Memory lingers round the rooms
Where students, young and gay,
Young men and ladies, spent their time,
At night and through the day.

Our lawyer was a polished man,
He taught us well his mind ;
His equal on the legal heights
We rarely ever find.

Our bank was ever firm and true,
No cashier e'er absconded ;
Our warehouses were safety's own,
Even if not bonded.

Our post-office was well conducted,
Mails received attention ;
Our postmaster, so young, gallant,
Worthy too of mention.

Our business world was never dull,
Routine seemed a pleasure ;
And life went on in all its forms,
Young life's mystic measure.

How little then we knew of life,
Bitter-sweet is knowledge ;
Long may our Alma Mater live,
Bless the Business College !

Yachting.

A YACHT, a skipper, and a spanking breeze,
Oh, that's what I dearly love ;
When the foam is white and the water blue,
And the skies are bright above !

Oh, the grand old ocean is home to me,
And I roam its waters o'er ;
I am happiest on the briny deep
Though I dearly love the shore !

Then sing we ever to the god Neptune,
All hail to the dashing foam ;
We will praises sing and the welkin ring,
Whether near or far from home !

Nantucket—Ice-bound.

A LOVELY island far at sea,
 Its waters still ice-bound ;
Nor friend nor foe can visit it,
 No ships can gather round.

'Tis well sufficient to themselves
 The islanders have grown ;
Since how to bridge such frozen path,
 To science is not known.

Electric thrills alone can touch
 Old ocean's mighty pulse ;
If only dynamite availed
 This ice-mass to convulse!

Why can't some daring Yankee mind
Invent a bridge for ice?
Darius Green's flying machine
Would not be half so nice.

To hear from any friend is well,
Ice-bound ones much better;
Oh Frost King, cease thy rigid sway,
Send us now a letter!

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